EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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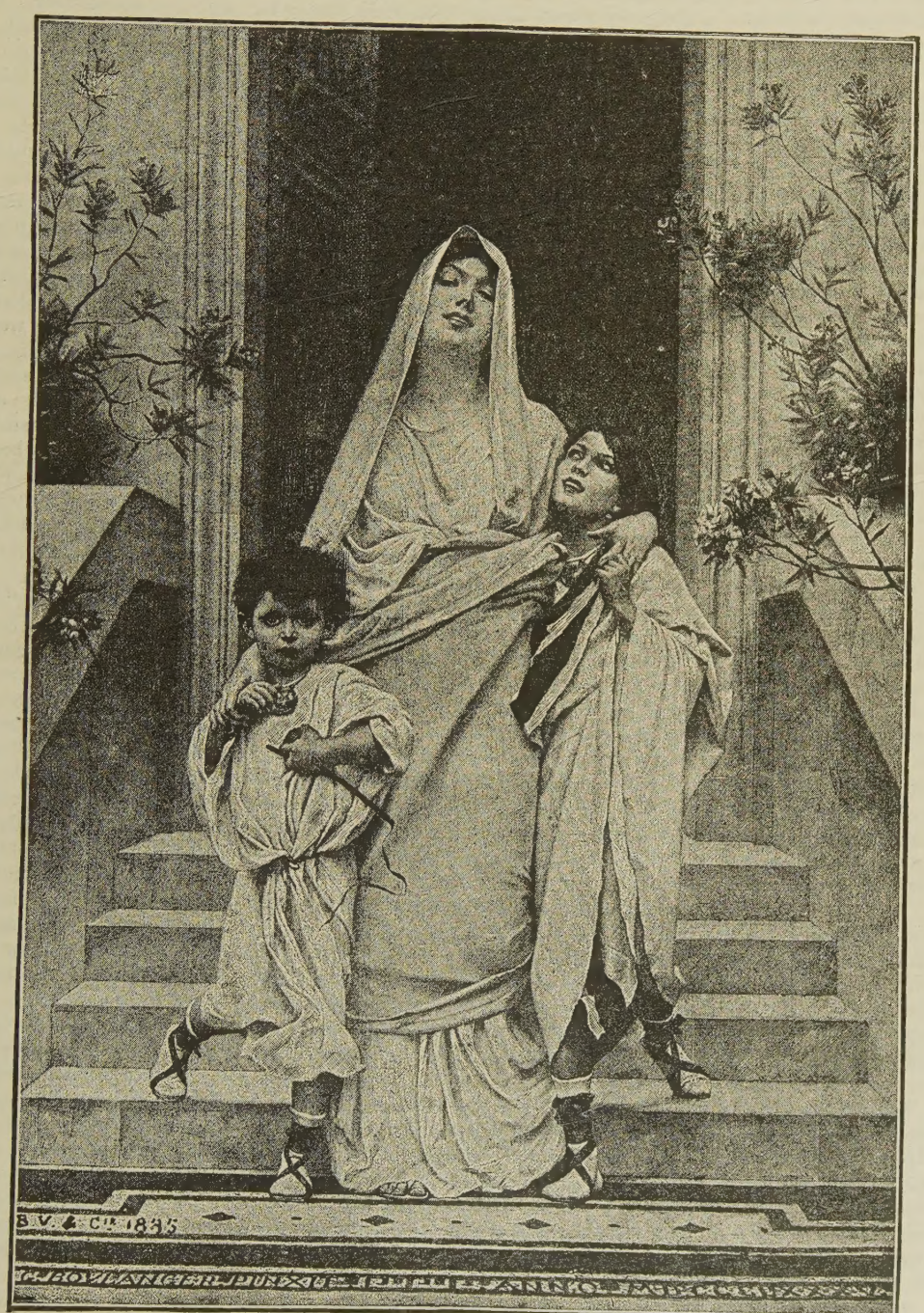

CORNELIA AND HER JEWELS.

SIR FREDERICK.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

FRED sat on the edge of the bed, putting the studs into his shirt and thinking. The studs were for the dancing-school ball; the thoughts were for something widely different. He had just been reading "Ivanhoe" and "Ice-Pack and Tundra," and between the two had got pretty well mixed. The story of brave De Long had twisted itself into that of Ivanhoe, and a hybrid knight had arisen, who dressed in armor, but waded painfully through a world of snow and ice; who said "prithee" and "by my halidom," but who looked at a train of fur-clad followers through a pair of eye-glasses; who conquered with touch of spear at tilt and tournament, but who did it in an uncouth costume of fur and enormous mittens. He did not know which he liked best. Ivanhoe of course was "immense," but De Long was — something else that was not immense, and for which Fred could not think of exactly the right word; only at more than one part of De Long's diary there was a choking feeling in his throat, and his eyes began to water as he read. It was that confounded cold of his. The cold was the result of having left both windows open the night before, in order to acclimatize himself gradually to the Arctic climate, — all because of the picture of the hybrid knight.

Of course tilt and tournament, the rescue of fair ladies in distress in the very teeth of a horde of enemies; the storming of castles and winning one's spurs, and running into danger for the sake of one's Queen of Love and Beauty; being gentle to women, and brave to men; living in greenwood by means applauded by chivalry if looked doubtfully upon by dull morality, and punching every fellow's head you met, and always having a horse to ride, — a knight of course never walked; man and steed were as immutably one as the knight of the chess-board; — all these things were past, and Fred regretted it, for he felt that the age of chivalry was the time in which he would have shone. Still, there was opportunity yet in this dull world for courage and self-sacrifice if one but had his eyes open. Adventure, endurance, courage, an unfaltering heart and a hand, that, though numb with the chill that was striking to the heart, yet never for an instant dropped the reins of command; — was not the modern rendering of a knight's story to be found in that of De Long?

An Arctic explorer, — that was what Fred intended to be. To discover the North Pole seemed to him the one thing worth accomplishing, and worth much more than such paltry discoveries as that of ether or the telephone. Just how he was to get there he had not fully decided. Not by such commonplace means as a ship, that invariably got stuck on some aggravating parallel. (Those parallels always loomed up in his mind as so many gigantic snags.) He wavered between a balloon and a Nautilus, with a leaning to the latter, as being rather more inviting.

He had spent the afternoon making pemmican, the recipe for which had been evolved out of his inner consciousness. First he took some cold beefsteak and chopped it very fine, leaving the chopping-tray in the woodshed and the chopping-knife on his bureau, whence it strayed into his closet and remained there till the spring cleaning. Into this he put salt, cayenne pepper, — a good deal of that, — sage, sweet marjoram, and onion. This mixture he packed into a dirty little iron kettle, used alternately for melting lead to run into bullets, and for varnish made of red sealing-wax, and something else of which the distinguishing quality was a bad smell. Then he cooked it over the gas in his own room, stirring with an old file; after cooking sufficiently, the pemmican was packed into small tin cans, originally holding sage and pepper, — melted butter poured over each to the brim, the covers put on and sealed with red sealing-wax, the kettle returning to its old use for that purpose. The preparation would now keep indefinitely, and though not very savory to a resident of the Temperate Zone, would no doubt be gladly eaten by a famished Arctic explorer in the stage of starvation succeeding that in which he had devoured his boots.

There was a certain incongruity about this future discoverer devoting all his mighty energies to a dancing-school ball, and so Fred felt as he stamped into his boots and tied his white necktie. He tried to console himself with the reflection that the knights used perhaps to dance in the moments they could spare from fighting, — a species of relaxation that in the mental picture we unconsciously draw of what is interesting us bore a resemblance to an Irish jig. There was one thing about it that he felt would not lower him, and that was the "german;" for the german was connected with "favors" and there was such a ring of chivalry and knighthood about the word that it almost consoled him for the fact that he could not be "brave, good, and loyal" till he grew up. It gave an interest to the ball it would not have had otherwise, even though all the boys and girls had been looking forward to it for weeks. The treasured love-tokens of the ancient knights may possibly have consisted of squares of muslin adorned with decalcomanie and frills. History saith not.

Nevertheless, Fred was a little ashamed of this interest in the festivity, and as he went down stairs carried himself with an air of lofty indifference that was unfortunately misinterpreted, — as one's finer emotions are apt to be in the bosom of one's family.

"Been asleep, haven't you?" questioned his sister, as he looked into the sitting-room. "I can always tell when you have, for it takes you at least two hours to get awake again."

"You haven't poisoned yourself with some of that hideous compound that would lend fresh terror to an Arctic winter, have you?" suggested his brother.

"Freddy, dear, did you get the smut off your wrist?"

"Yes 'm, I did. Mind your business, Dick. It isn't likely I 've been asleep, Bess."

The knight had lost his temper at this combined attack and stalked off wondering if Ivanhoe was bothered like that when he was a boy, and if Rowena ever plagued him, as she certainly would have if she had been an unappreciative modern girl; and as he walked along he tried to imagine himself the Black Knight, wending his way to Ashby de la Zouche.

The dressing-room was full. The boys had a way of congregating there, from sudden diffidence about entering the hall and appearing before the girls, who with more assurance entered at once and took seats on the rows of sofas about the room, or gathered in little groups to discuss dress and partners till the latter suddenly made their entrance in a body, either from the fact of the dressing-room having got as densely packed as the Black Hole, and a move rendered imperative, or from the dancing-master bearing down upon them with stern orders to "take partners and not no more stay in de dressing-room," and with frantic gesticulations of his bow that whilom pointed to a pair of feet which in spite of a season's drill would not "turn out you toes."

When Fred came in, the room had very nearly reached the Black Hole stage and most of its inmates were gathered about a crack of the door, taking a mean advantage of the girls by peeking. They were a good deal excited, too, and naturally there was considerable rivalry.

"Ain't *she* sweet, though?" murmured one youth, so far gone that he was even unmoved by the laughter and chaff that greeted his frankness. "I choose her for all the polkas, so you fellows stand clear."

"I guess we don't; I'll have her in the lancers any way," proclaimed a round, jolly-looking boy.

"Don't Susie look lovely though! What a pretty dress! goes ahead of any here," — with the air of a connoisseur. "I like all white best; that 's the reason I shall ask Molly Grey for the schottische." "Ow, get off my feet!" "Pink ribbons with her red hair, oh, my!" "Tom, get off! Leave my hair alone!" for a late comer, finding it impossible to obtain a place near the coveted crack, had quietly swung himself up to the shoulders of a more fortunate comrade and was squinting at the interesting scene from that coigne of vantage, with a firm grip on his friend's carefully arranged locks. "Here comes Agnes Dray; oh, look, look!" and there was fresh crowding about the door. "My! what a dress! It was her mother's wedding-dress, I'll bet. If she don't stop giggling, I shall go crazy from sympathy." These exclamations came from Harvey Ward, who was not handsome or rich or particularly well dressed, but whom all the boys followed and for whom the girls would have thrown over any other boy there.

"S'pose she 'll have any partners?"

"Of course not; she 'll sit in the corner as she always does till the old man drags some unlucky fellow to her."

"It sha'n't be I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" "I danced with her last time." "I did once."

Agnes Dray was queer and homely and awkward, and oddly dressed too in uncouth costumes that might have been handed down from her grandmothers. She giggled and said the wrong thing, and often trod on her partner's toes. All through the winter she had sat in her corner forlorn and almost unnoticed; and when she made her appearance on the floor, she attracted altogether too much notice for any girl's comfort. Of course no one liked to dance with her, for the shadow of her own unpopularity seemed to fall on her partner; and in any case it was not pleasant to have glances follow the couple about the room, in apprehension of the blunder that was almost sure to come.

"Young shentlemen, is dis de way to behave at a ball?" demanded a voice in tones of excited reproach. "Do shentlemen get behind de door and have notting to say to de ladies when you be grown up and go out into de wor-r-rl? Come, take you partners for de grand promenade."

Even the master's coal-black wig, that was so palpably a wig, — people said he took pride in the wearing, — looked animated as he stood there, violin and bow in hand, making excited little scrapings as an accompaniment to his speech. The boys were all ready, to the last button, and with a subdued giggle made their entrance in a body and scattered about the room, making their bows and offering their arms, — a bright, pretty sight.

The promenade had ended now, and a dozen or more boys took advantage of the interim to rush to the dressing-room, to satisfy their curiosity and bewilderment at something they had seen. Marching complacently along with the rest had been Agnes Dray; and her partner had not been some unwilling victim "left" at the last moment, or some unhappy fellow seized upon by the master and dragged to the corner sofa; neither had it been the sandy-haired boy whom all the girls disliked; but it was a boy everybody liked and whom all the girls smiled on, and who was one of the best dancers there; and why he should have deliberately offered himself, and appeared with a girl whose dress was six inches too long and was white satin trimmed with black bugles and adorned at the waist with a Roman sash, who giggled, and who wore boots instead of slippers, and whose gloves were too big and whose handkerchief was saturated with musk — why, there was nothing to be compared with it, except — as Harvey Ward suggested — "the fellow from Carthage who stuck his hand into the fire just to show how much he could stand." And the boy's name, who had done this thing, was Fred Lewis.

So, on seeing him enter the dressing-room, there was a rush of a dozen boys or more after him. "What 's up?" "What 's struck you, old fellow?" "Did the old man nab you?" It was a chorus, half sympathy, half laughter.

"He did n't nab me, and nothing 's struck me. She was n't going to have any partner, as usual, and I thought I would; that 's all," confessed Fred, shamefacedly, and all the more so that most of the boys who had followed were older than he, and one of them Harvey Ward himself.

He grew scarlet as he stood there, the picture of shame, twirling his order of dances; before he could prevent it, one of the boys had seized it and was reading off the list.

Lancers, Agnes Dray; polka, Agnes Dray; Portland fancy, Agnes Dray, — and so on for fully half the card. There was a murmur of astonishment at this strange conduct.

"I 'll ask her for the schottische, if you like, Fred — Oh, no, don't thank me. We 'll make her the belle of the ball between us."

It was Harvey Ward. He was scribbling her name down on his own card, but glanced up as he spoke, and met Fred's grateful look. Perhaps the key of Harvey Ward's leadership lay in simpler things than people would have believed.

"I will, too, a polka." "I don't mind giving her the Portland fancy." "I 'll give her one, too." "I did n't say I would n't, exactly, you know," murmured Tommy Cole. "I did n't like the way you — " "We know, we know! Set me down for a galop." Offers were coming thick and fast now when the scrape, scrape, of the violin was heard from the hall, summoning to the dance.

What had come over everybody? The usually neglected corner was fairly besieged, pretty girls were neglected, graceful dancers overlooked; for everybody was flocking to Agnes Dray, and begging for a place on her already crowded card. As for that young lady, so unexpectedly elected Queen of Love and Beauty, she did not, it must be confessed, wear her honors very gracefully, but stumbled and giggled more than ever, as boy after boy presented himself; but she looked so happy withal, that one boy, at least, left her with a glow at his heart, and something that resembled liking for his partner.

The other girls meanwhile looked on in amazement. The boys not in the secret wondered what had come over their fellows. The ladies looked at each other, the teacher stared, and all the more were the boys engaged in it carried away by the spirit of the thing, till at last there was actually a hush as Harvey Ward led the german with her; for that of course settled the question as to who had been the belle of the ball.

And so the evening came to an end, and Cinderella in her rags had been the belle of the ball. She was homely and poor and awkward, but somehow Fred forgot all about that as he trudged home, — she had looked so happy; nor did he grudge a bit the fact that his own evening had not been spent at all in the way he had proposed, nor even that the favors he had looked forward with such pleasure to bestowing had not been given to the one for whom they had been bought.

It was queer, but as he was taking out his studs — he always performed that part of his toilet on the edge of the bed — an odd idea came into his mind that the next moment he was blushing scarlet for, though he was all alone. It was only just a fancy at which, no doubt, brave, unselfish De Long would have smiled, and chivalric Ivanhoe turned up his knightly nose.

For of course that famous knight was never thirteen, and never wore kid gloves and patent-leather pumps; a dancing-school ball was not the place for deeds of love and courage, and the lady *he* loved and defended was never awkward and homely and red-haired!

History and Biography.

ALVAN CLARK.

BY ANNIE DARLING.

HANNAH MORE was right when she wrote, "Life is but a short day, but it is a working day;" and her sentiment seems to have been fully exemplified in the long and busy life of Alvan Clark, the great telescope-maker, which has just ended. It seems as though many of our great men were falling at our side, and few seem to come to fill their vacant places.

The late Alvan Clark was born in Ashfield, Mass., March 8, 1804, and all his long and useful career has been spent in New England, which therefore has an especial claim upon him as one of her sons of whom she may be justly proud. He was essentially what may be called a self-made man, receiving all his education from the public schools in the western part of Massachusetts. Until his twenty-second year he worked faithfully on the farm; but at that age he sought and found a position as calico engraver in one of the mills in Lowell, where he remained until 1836, when he removed his home to Boston, and took up portrait-painting. His fine eye for color and delicate touch made his pictures especially beautiful, and many Bostonians have in their homes to-day a portrait painted by this talented man.

Mr. Clark's eldest son was really the inventor of the Clark telescopes; for while at school in Andover he first conceived the idea, and when he showed his father his attempts to construct one and his plans for its improvement, Mr. Clark began the work with enthusiasm. As he said in after years: "I thought I would learn it so as to teach the work correctly to my son." The work has gone on, and for nearly forty years father and sons have labored together, earning the fame and wealth which they have to-day.

In 1862 Mr. Clark discovered the companion of the star Sirius with one of his large telescopes, for which he received the Lalande medal from the French Academy of Science. It is said that not long ago Mr. Clark remarked: "I owe largely my recognition in the scientific world to Mr. Dawes, the English astronomer. I had, as I thought, with my telescope discovered several new double stars. I wrote to Dawes, asking him to verify my observations. He answered that they were real discoveries. I reported other discoveries. Mr. Dawes wrote, 'Where did you get your telescope?' 'I made it,' was my reply. I sold him that glass and five others."

The largest glass for a telescope that has ever been constructed came from the workshop of Mr. Clark not long ago, worth, without the mounting, it is said, $50,000. This was the 36-inch object-glass for the Lick Observatory, California. We were fortunate enough to see this great telescope in Mr. Clark's workshop. The venerable man received us in his house, which is in the same grounds with the observatory and workshop in Cambridge, and then he invited us to go with him to see the telescope. We followed him out through the grounds into a long, low building, where we found his two sons at work. Mr. Clark showed us the telescope, kindly explaining where our ignorance needed to be enlightened, and then carried us through the building, showing us the machinery used to grind the great lense before its final and delicate polishing by hand. He then went with us to the gate, and in his kindly, pleasant way wished us good-by, leaving in our memory a pleasant picture of him as he stood there, past his threescore years and ten, his white hair blowing in the wind, behind him the buildings where, by his God-given genius and honest toil, lay the work which was to make his name famous long after he had himself been gathered to his fathers.

This was only a year ago, and now his labors are over. His greatest work has reached the place where it is to be erected, and the great inventor has passed on to his rest. Mr. Clark has for so many years held the first rank in astronomical work here that it seems fitting and profitable also if we pause a moment, as this great man dies, and admire the long and beautiful life of the one who so loved to behold the beauties of the heavens and furnish to his fellow-men the means whereby they, too, might learn of the wonders which those heavens could unfold.

WHEN weeds are little they pull easily; but they soon get such a grip of the ground that the stalk is n't strong enough to wrench out the radix, and you have a broken root to start again to plague you. So, young man, be in season about out-plucking a bad habit. As Queen Margaret said, — for Shakespeare understood these things well, —

> "Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
> Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
> And choke the herbs for want of husbandry."

IF any one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there are particles of iron in it, I might look with my eyes for them, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to find them; but let me take a magnet and sweep it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Our Letter-Box.

THE story we print below was written by a young girl who has "a great desire to be a writer," she tells us. This is her first attempt, and we think it quite successful. We hope it will interest our readers.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

BY ALVENA EAVES.

How many of you little boys and girls have ever noticed the sunshine?

Some bright day, particularly in summer, you must see that the great golden light is twice as bright as upon a day when the clouds overhead are dark and heavy.

Well, so it was with the little girl that I am going to tell you about. When everything was pleasant and she had her own way, then she could be bright and sunny, cheerful and good; but, alas! if poor tired mother asked her to take care of baby Ned, or if her brothers asked her to help them with their lessons, then very quickly the brightness all vanished, and every one had to prepare for the coming storm.

One cold day, a little while before Christmas, mother said, "Eva, I should like to meet papa in Boston. Will you give up your little meeting and take care of the children?"

It was very hard for Eva to look cheerful and answer; but in a minute she said, "Dear mother, I will with pleasure."

Her mother's look of love would have repaid her twice over without the kind words which she said: "I do think my little girl is trying to be not only my sunshine, but also my comforter." Then, after a few words of advice as to the baby, etc., mamma, having told the boys where she was going, kissed them good-by, and departed.

It seemed as if the dear baby must know Eva had her lessons to prepare, he was so good and contented. The time passed quickly. At two o'clock Eva fed the baby and laid him in his crib. Then three-year-old Georgie wanted to be rocked; and then Nora brought up the clean clothes, which Eva mended as nicely as mamma. The clock struck five. Eva went down to see what she could do for tea. At half past five the little ones had their tea, and when it struck six they were preparing for bed.

Soon all was quiet. The babies were in slumberland, and the "Sunshine" set about putting the rooms in order. Seven o'clock brought anxious mother and tired papa. The first glance showed them how neatly everything looked, — not everything upside down, as it is in the majority of families where there are three boys.

"Well, Sunshine," papa said, "how is the family?"

"The little ones have been very good, papa," answered Eva.

Here Harry interrupted with, "Mamma, Eva is a fine 'sunshiner.'"

"My darling child, we can say that your habit of selfishness is rapidly going, and in due time our sunshine will never hide itself behind black clouds."

Eva did not find it always easy to keep the sunshiny side out; but she tried hard, and her parents were not often pained by her clouds of ill humor. Her brothers found they could trust her with their childish sorrows and joys; mother and father found her sweet and obliging, useful and faithful, and called her more and more often by that bright name.

Now, little ones, whether in school, at home, or at work, always be kind, brave, and helpful, and upon my word you, too, can and will be some one's "sunshine."

THE answers to Bible Questions will be found on page 86.

ENIGMA XIII.

My whole is composed of 21 letters.
My 12, 19, 9, 21, is a fruit.
My 20, 13, 16, is a kind of monkey.
My 8, 15, 1, 7, 15, the Northern soldiers fought to save.
My 6, 19, 17, is a tree.
My 18, 11, 21, 15, is a sailor's story.
My 2, 5, 3, 12, is what all coachmen use.
My 4, 10, 14, is to be afraid.
My whole we say January 1st.

CLEVELAND ALLEN.

GROTON, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVERY OTHER SUNDAY:

DEAR SIR, — I have taken your paper for two years, and like it very much. So I thought I would send you a contribution in the shape of some enigmas.

ENIGMA XIV.

I AM composed of 12 letters.
My 8, 2, 9, 1, is what men do at harvest.
My 11, 9, 4, 7, is what books come in.
My 1, 12, 10, is what animals are put into.
My 6, 5, 3, 4, 7, is what we learn to say in Sunday-school.
My whole is a good trait in one's character.

ENIGMA XV.

I AM composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 5, 3, is what people call some animals.
My 1, 2, 6, is a tin dish.
My 3, 4, 6, is what some dishes are made of.
My 6, 5, 3, is what fishermen use.
My 7, 8, 6, 3, is a part of a dollar.
My whole is what we all ought to have.

B. F. J.

LITTLETON, MASS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IX. IN NO. IX.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. — *Proverbs* xvi. 24.

For Youngest Readers.

JIM'S LAWN PARTY.

BY HELEN S. THURSTON.

YOU all remember that Jim is the very knowing pussy-cat I told you about awhile ago. The washer-woman says, "sure, she knows as much as a child!"

It is quite cool weather now, and the leaves are all flying off the trees, and all the flowers have overcoats put on at night to keep them from freezing; but the little children haven't yet forgotten summer, and perhaps some of you had a lawn party one fine afternoon, and very likely all the little girls brought their dolls in their carriages, and some of the boys brought Japanese kites and had a flying match before tea. Tea was served on the piazza, and after that mother played on the piano for you to dance, and you played some jolly games, and then there was a nice cake and a macaroon in a paper bag for each to carry home.

Perhaps you think that a pussy-cat couldn't have a lawn party. Oh, you are much mistaken if you think so, for I can tell you all about a lawn party that Jim had. Jim hasn't a very large lawn; city cats never have. The lawn is three and one half yards one way, and two and one half yards the other, with the corners cut to make the shape oval. This lawn is right in the middle of a little yard, and round the sides of the yard there are thirty-four rose-bushes that in June have many roses on them; and there are day-lilies and nasturtiums and phlox and fly-catch and sweet-William and geraniums and dahlias and petunias and ferns, and the lawn is mowed with a lawn-mower just as often as if it were a very large lawn; so it is really not at all a bad place for a party.

One bright, sunny afternoon, when the yard was just perfectly scented with the roses, I went out and put catnip in little heaps all around the edge of the lawn, and two or three feet distant from each other.

Then I put Jim out, and pretty soon the "party began to come in." First there came a dreadfully gaunt gray cat. He was a tramp, and his coat was very ragged and rusty, and looked moth-eaten. We didn't mind, because it was an out-of-door party and all were welcome. He came round the corner on tip-toe, with his neck stretched out a great way, snuffing his smellers, as if he scented something sweet from afar; and it wasn't the roses either. Oh, no, it was the catnip! And he soon found it, and how he did roll, and snuff, and paw the air, and stand straight up on his rickety old hind legs, just as if that catnip had made him a kitten again!

It must have been that the breeze carried the scent of the catnip far and wide that June afternoon, for the "party" kept coming till the yard was full. There was the next neighbor Joe, and Mrs. Nig from over the fence, and Silver Skin and Fly-away from the next street, and all the tramps that ever had stolen their dinner from the swill-pail. There were gray cats and striped cats and Maltese cats and yellow cats, and a dreadful gray and white one with a broken paw that enjoyed it the most of all; and there they all rolled and snuffed and waved their paws and fell over, to roll again in the most enchanted way.

Then the grandmother came to the window, and she saw the lawn party. She is not at all fond of cats in general, although there are pussies in particular that have a hold on her affection. So she said, "Oh, you dreadful creature, what *made* you get all those cats into our yard?" And she went to the door and said "scat," and the whole party was gone before I had time to play on the piano for them, or put a sprig of catnip in a bag for each to take home.

HEAVEN is not gained by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

— *J. G. Holland.*

THE ESCAPE BY THE SECRET WAY.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT FOXES.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

THE fox has long had the name of being the most crafty of all animals. "As cunning as a fox," is a very old saying. Naturalists class him with the wolf, and he is very like him in some of his traits. They have many of the same wants, and both are most unscrupulous thieves in going to work to supply them. They both possess about as keen eyes and ears as it is possible for one to imagine, and noses that are capable of smelling out *anything*. But while a fox has senses quite as fine as a wolf, and indeed surpasses him in being able to see well at night, has limbs more pliant, and a tail so flexible that he can roll it around his nose, and is capable of far greater speed, he is not nearly so strong, and he seems to have substituted in place of strength an immense amount of cunning, suspicion, and patience. Possibly no animal is more capable of clever tricks and devices.

Though he is given to prowling and pilfering, he cannot in all respects be considered a vagabond among the brutes, for he has a fixed home and a family to which he is devotedly attached.

Perhaps it is because he loves darkness rather than light, and perhaps only because he thinks it safer, that he chooses to make his habitation underground, and builds by burrowing beneath the surface of the earth. He knows how to make his house commodious and comfortable, but being as averse as some human beings are to labor for anything which he can obtain by his wits, he often secures the comforts of a home by appropriating the ready-made burrow of a rabbit, which he hunts and drives away for the purpose of possessing himself of these fruits of his neighbor's industry. He usually selects for his dwelling-place the borders of a wood in the near neighborhood of cottages or farmhouses, where he can enjoy that which is sweetest of all music to his ears, — the crowings and cacklings of a poultry-yard.

Now a fox is an extremely greedy fellow, and the things which he finds good to eat would make a long bill of fare. He is not only fond of poultry, rabbits, hares, partridges, quails, and most other kinds of birds, but also eats fish, eggs, milk and cheese, and some kinds of fruit, especially grapes, of which he devours so many as to become a real pest in the vineyards of the Old World. When other things fail he does not disdain to satisfy his appetite with frogs, weasels, mice, or even insects, while he is as fond of honey as a bear. In pursuit of this dainty, he will even disturb the wild bees in their nests, and while at first they may succeed in driving him away by their stings, and he retreats covered with bees, it is only to roll himself on the ground, thus crushing them in great numbers, and to return again as fresh as ever to the attack. This manœuvre he repeats until he drives the bees from the hive, when he rewards himself for all his pains and stings by devouring both their honey and wax.

As soon as a fox has got well settled in his burrow, he steals out and moves cautiously about all over the country, examining everything, — the villages, the solitary houses, poultry-yards, gardens, — learning where dogs are active and noisy and where all is still and tranquil. He peers about the hedges, and explores the covered places in which he could conceal himself in case of peril, and when he has become familiar with all, he is ready for a foraging expedition.

Now the whole of his address and cunning are brought into play. Sometimes, if a poultry-yard is his destination, he creeps along slowly and silently, fairly trailing his body upon the ground, until, watching his opportunity when all is still, he vaults lightly over the fence, kills as many of the fowls as he is able, carries off his victims one by one, and either hides them in the grass, or buries them in the earth near his kennel.

This, however, is mere murder and rapine. When he is bent upon a true hunt he runs about the country sniffing the wind until he either hears or scents a hare, rabbit, or partridge, which he approaches with incredible lightness of foot, — perhaps even lying in wait for a while, — and nearly always succeeds in surprising his prey. Sometimes a fox will hunt waterfowl; and one has been seen carrying a bit of turf in his mouth to conceal himself as he swam toward a bird.

Foxes make use of other stratagems besides hiding. It may happen that one will counterfeit lameness, and go limping along, apparently with the greatest effort, until near enough to a group of hares or birds to spring upon the unsuspecting creatures before they take fright.

Foxes are often caught in snares which are new to them, but as soon as they have once seen a trap it becomes useless against them, as they are quite too crafty to be caught twice in the same way. When all the openings of his burrow are covered by snares, the fox will not come out; he tries instead to dig another opening with his claws, in which he often succeeds; but when this is not the case he has been known to stay without food for more than a fortnight in his hole rather than expose himself to the known peril of the trap. But should he escape he will never return again to a burrow where he has passed through so cruel an experience; indeed, he is extremely sensitive in this respect, abandoning his home as soon as he discovers even the least invasion of the privacy with which he delights to surround it.

Foxes breed in April, the mother giving birth to from three to eight cubs at one time. There is a nice, soft nest waiting for the little ones, at the bottom of the burrow, lined with leaves and moss. The fox mother is very fond of her babies, and when they are molested will fight for them to the death, in case she cannot save them either by her cunning or speed. A female fox, or vixen, as she is sometimes called, has been known to run before the dogs for an hour, carrying a cub in her mouth.

The cubs are pretty little creatures, and are even more playful than young puppies, running, jumping, rolling, and tumbling over one another and whirling madly around in pursuit of their own tails. At four months old they are capable of providing for themselves, but continue to grow for two years. Foxes live to be thirteen or fourteen years of age. If taken very young the cubs can be partially tamed, though they are always somewhat suspicious and unreliable, but it is impossible to tame a full-grown fox.

In England and some parts of Europe fox-hunting is a popular sport, and in those countries foxes have been known to run before the dogs for fifty miles without stopping. They retain their courage and cunning to the end of the chase, and in case they fail to elude or outstrip the hounds, they fight pluckily to the last for their lives and finally die without uttering a single cry.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. VII.

16. The Philistines, who were at first a much more powerful people than the Israelites, made war, after the custom of those early times, upon their feebler neighbors. The two peoples hated each other, because each was continually trying to subdue the other. The Philistines were the first aggressors, but at a later time the Israelites carried the war into Philistia.

17. They did not.

18. Philistia had a very rich soil. Being on the sea-coast it could easily exchange its own productions for those of foreign lands. It was also at all times the great thoroughfare between Phœnicia and Syria in the north and Egypt and Arabia in the south.

19. They were very superstitious, worshipping idols, which they carried with them on their campaigns (2 Sam. v. 17–22), and proclaiming their victories before them (1 Sam. xxxi. 9).

20. Their chief gods were called Dagon, Ashtoreth, and Baal-zebub. Dagon was represented with the face and hands of a man and the tail of a fish. The fish-like form was an emblem of fruitfulness to sea-faring people. Ashtoreth was their greatest female divinity, as Baal-zebub was their greatest male divinity. Baal-zebub was the sun-god, under the peculiar aspect of the "Lord of flies," — that is, the "breeder of corruption."

A CHINESE DINNER.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.

UNCLE GEORGE came into his sister's house one evening, and calling the children, Bertie, Harry, and Lou, he asked them to guess where he had taken dinner the day before and what he had had to eat.

"With an Englishman," said Bertie, "and you had roast-beef and plum-pudding."

"With Johnny Crapeau, and you had frogs and —"

Before Harry could finish, "With the President, and you had pie," struck in Lou.

"Oh! that's a stupid old joke," retorted Harry. "I guess he has ice-cream instead of pie."

"You say that because, like most children and some ladies, you are 'devoted to ice-cream.'" Bertie was four years older than Harry, and felt the importance of his seniority.

The children's habit of teasing one another troubled Uncle George, who had never cultivated the faculty of making sharp speeches to his friends, but he said pleasantly, "Now, if you will all listen, I will give you a description of my dinner. I was invited by Foo Ling Ching."

"Does he speak English, or did you have to speak Chinese?" asked Harry.

"He speaks English as well as I do."

"Better than you do, Harry," said Lou. "I thought he was calling 'Rebekah, Rebekah,' this morning when he was calling to his donkey, 'Get up there! Get up there.'"

"Do let Uncle George speak," said poor Harry, who was vainly attempting to overcome his habit of rapid utterance.

"There were four besides myself invited to this Chinese banquet. Foo Ching said he had found a man who kept a Chinese restaurant in the city, and that he would give us just such a dinner as would be set before us if we were in China. So at half-past four we went to 'Ban Sun Coy, Chinese restaurant.' There we found six or eight Chinese, — invited guests like ourselves. The room was a long, narrow one, with a large kitchen in the rear, and was hung with Chinese fans, banners, and lanterns. As we came in,

the odor of onions, garlic, curry, celery, almost stifled me; but the band struck up the national airs, playing on a variety of wind and stringed instruments. I thought the noise would frighten my small amount of wits out of my head.

"We were seated along the side of the room, and Foo began an address to the men from China in their own language, stopping in front of each one of us as he talked. I could catch enough that sounded like my name to fancy it was a formal introduction. This over, a man passed long reed pipes with small silver bowls and some tobacco. I took one and lighted it. It was strong as potash, and three whiffs, which consumed the tobacco, were enough for me.

"Then came tea in a saucer, covered with another saucer to keep it hot. This was very good, but strong, and the 'music' began again, and as a compliment to us they played 'In the sweet bye and bye.' But such music! Next we talked, not as you children do, but one at a time, no one speaking in the room while another was talking. All listened to the speaker, and there were no interruptions. This continued for some time, and then came the meal. The table was set like ours, only it had neither knives, forks, plates, water, sugar, milk, butter, bread, salt, vinegar, spoons, or glasses."

"Did you use chopsticks, uncle?" asked Bertie.

"Yes, each of us had a pair of chopsticks, a little china bowl which would hold about a table-spoonful, and a little side-dish filled with a liquid resembling writing-ink, which tasted, however, like a double extract of red pepper. In the centre of the table were ten large bowls, arranged four in the middle, and three on each side of them, grouped together. One dish contained the stuffed bladders of a Chinese fish, another was a stew of sea-weed, another, chicken cooked in some material that was as much more sour than our vinegar as that is more acid than loaf sugar; another was macaroni and herbs, and others were beyond my powers of analysis. None of them had any salt in them, and all were so highly seasoned with curry and similar substances that it was simply impossible to get them past my uneducated palate.

"I found that I could not use the chopsticks, and the proprietor went out and bought five forks for our party. Every Chinaman helped himself to any dish he liked, first one and then the other, filling his mouth full, and then dropping the sticks and talking while he chewed his food.

"Mamma has taught us not to talk when our mouths are full of food," observed Harry.

His uncle smiled, and continued: "When eating began, a man placed between each two persons at the table a pint bowl full of a sweetish aromatic liquid, into which the little bowls I spoke of were dipped and emptied into the throat at one swallow. I made up my mind after one taste that the liquid was of a kind that suggested the necessity of caution, so I took no more. But the foreigners were so attentive to our wants, that a Chinaman would wipe his chopsticks in his mouth and then fish about in the bowl in the centre for a dainty morsel, and lay it on my plate for me to try. Someway, it did not make me feel hungry.

"We were at the table an hour and a half, and then they brought us patties of rice-flour, inside of which I found a composition so peculiar that I could not tell what it was made of. After this came tea, then rice, and lastly, the pipes again."

"Did you eat much?" inquired Lou.

"No, my dear, I concluded that American cooking was good enough for me. Everything on the table except the fresh vegetables was imported from China. I could not get the taste of the stuff out of my mouth, nor the smell from my clothes for half a day after. Now, Ling said the dinner was in substance and form a Chinese nobleman's dinner."

"Did you enjoy it?" said the children's mother, who had been listening to her brother's description of a Chinese dinner.

"I would not have missed it for ten dollars; but twenty-five dollars would not hire me to go through with it again."

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

BY ANNIE DARLING.

The twilight of a short winter's day was closing in, and the lights of the distant city were beginning to appear here and there, looking far away, like myriads of stars, as they twinkled and danced, across the waters of the bay.

In a pleasant farm-house, on the island of M——, near enough to the great city to hear its busy hum of life and enterprise, and yet away from its ceaseless goings to and fro, lived Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay and their two children, Margaret and Edgar. On this night of which I speak, the children were gathered around the bright fire in the sitting-room. They had been at play all the afternoon, and now, between the hours of daylight and dark, their resources of entertainment seemed to be exhausted. Suddenly Margaret exclaimed: —

"Oh, Edgar, just the thing! Let's go ask Aunt Madge for her dog story she said she read about yesterday."

No sooner said than done. Aunt Madge was besieged by the eager children, and kindly laying down her work, came to the sitting-room, where they gathered round her, in front of the glowing fire.

"Well, dears, my story will not be very long, but when I read it the other day, I thought you would like to know about this famous dog, and be as interested in him as I was; so here is the story: —

"Long ago, during the French wars in 1798, a company of grenadiers were making their final preparations in Caen, France, for taking up the march into Italy. A young dog, apparently without a master, ugly and forlorn in appearance, showing evidences of no kind care or petting, joined the soldiers there, and was so persistent in his devotion to them that when they started for Italy, Mustache, for so they named him, was taken with the troops. He was taught to obey the roll-call, to keep step, and receive his rations with the soldiers, and in every respect to become as true a soldier as any of the men with whom he marched.

"At great risk and suffering, the troops crossed the St. Bernard and encamped near Alexandria. That night a company of Austrian soldiers secreted themselves near the grenadiers, and while the tired men were resting from their hard march, came toward the camp, intending to take them by surprise; but they did not know of the faithful sentinel who untiringly kept watch over his friends. Mustache heard the advancing enemy and awakened the soldiers by his barking. Instantly the grenadiers sprang to their feet, and the enemy was driven back. For this faithfulness to his trust, Mustache had his name enrolled among those of the soldiers, and a collar put on his neck with the name of the regiment to which he belonged. During the Battle of Austerlitz, the color-bearer of the regiment became surrounded by the enemy. The dog came to him at once, and tried faithfully to defend him, but the bullets did their work, and the brave color-bearer fell. Mustache instantly snatched with his teeth at the flag and bore a portion of the loved colors back to the company. During this brave act, he lost one of his legs. No *man* could have done a braver deed, and many a one might take a lesson from this sagacious dog. A red ribbon was tied about his neck with a medal, one side bearing the words, 'Mustache should be honored and loved as a brave French dog,' and the other, 'He lost a leg at the Battle of Austerlitz, and saved the colors of his regiment.'

"Mustache was in several battles after this, and always showed the same bravery, and faithfulness to the friends he loved.

"He was killed in the Battle of Badajoz, March 11, 1811, and was buried where he had fallen. A stone was raised over his grave, with the words, 'Here lies Mustache.'

"There, children," said Aunt Madge, as she rose from her chair, "I have given you my story, and I trust the record of the faithful service and bravery of Mustache may teach us all a lesson; for we too are soldiers, and our colors must not trail in the dust, but 'in the name of our God' may 'we set up our banners,' and strive to be both faithful and loyal to the 'Captain of our salvation' whom we serve."

OUR PICTURES.

The cut on the first page of this number of Every Other Sunday illustrates a story familiar to every student of Roman history. Cornelia, the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, was the daughter of Scipio Africanus the Elder. Left a widow, she was offered marriage with the King of Egypt, but preferred to devote herself to the education of her children. When a rich friend once exhibited to her a cabinet of rare gems, she called in her two sons, saying, "*These are my jewels!*" Her statue bore the inscription by which she wished to be known: "The Mother of the Gracchi."

The picture on page 85 is entitled "The Escape by the Secret Way." It relates to the old saga of King Olaf, about which our young readers may have learned something in one of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." King Olaf had come back from long wanderings to the Castle of the Winds, where he found his childhood's companion, the beautiful Signe, a prisoner under sentence of death. He released the lovely maiden; and just as the wizards appeared at the castle gate with a troop of horsemen, the brave warrior, attended by four trusty men-at-arms, hastened with the trembling Signe down the secret way to the landing, where the "Long Serpent," his magic ship, was lying. The after history of Signe is not told us in the ancient Sagas. She may have become the bride of her noble deliverer; or, as one writer suggests, "it is possible that she led quite as happy a life as the wife of some simple peasant." In the picture, we see the open door to the secret way. When closed, this door was almost hidden by the woodbine and ivy that grew on the castle walls. On the lower step are the king and the fair maiden he has rescued, while four of Olaf's men — two in advance and two in the rear — guard their steps and prepare for their flight in Olaf's swift boat.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Teachers' Department.

GENERAL EXERCISES IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. LEWIS G. WILSON.

(*Continued from our last Number.*)

These general exercises we will now consider somewhat in detail.

I do not believe in the introduction of ecclesiasticism into the Sunday-school, and I do not believe in authorized creeds. And yet, I for one do believe that it is possible for our children to *write upon their minds*, in characters *strong* and *intelligible*, the fundamental "I believe's" of religion. The advantages derived from what I shall call frankly a Sunday-school creed, are these: It is something like a *thesis* for future private demonstration. It is a crystallized summary of untold religious yearning. It is a tangible statement which our Unitarian children may repeat at any time if they choose, setting forth the great principles of the religion of which they may be justly proud. It places before new-comers a "fair and square" revelation of our aims and purposes, and, repeated by perhaps a hundred and fifty children as if in a single voice, it is itself a pleasing feature of our general exercises. The Sunday-school creed which we use in this way in the Hopedale School is as follows: —

CREED OF THE HOPEDALE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I believe in God the Father great, the One all else above,
In Jesus Christ the Master wise, who taught the Father's love;
In Human Strength and Goodness too, my faith shall constant be,
To guide me to the Father's house in His eternity.
I believe a Spirit holy in the life of man doth flow,
And that its earnest working here can make a heaven below;
I believe that sin shall perish when the Good is builded here,
That every error brings us pain and every sin a tear;
In the wise and holy Purpose that the Father has in view,
I believe my highest Duty dwells, for me alone to do;
On every day of joy or woe and every day of care,
My soul shall find its guiding strength before my God in Prayer.
I believe, too, in Salvation as a final rest in Heaven,
Where the soul of man shall grieve not and his highest joy is given;
In Repentance and Contrition and a holy sense of sin
I believe I see the promise of a crown of life to win.
I believe Religion is to live and labor with the Lord,
To love my neighbor as myself and put my faith in God;
And in the soul-immortal, too, my hope shall falter never,
For I believe that we shall live and worship God forever.

The advantages of this little creed we think to be these. It is simple; it is rhythmical and capable of being repeated by the youngest child; it contains no ecclesiasticism. We have repeated it every Sunday for a year and a half, and if by any chance it is omitted by the Superintendent it is missed and invariably called for.

I do not believe in an authorized catechism. And yet I believe that something in the nature of a series of questions and answers is a most interesting and important part of these general exercises. We, as Christians by inheritance, have a duty to perform in behalf of our children, in setting forth to them the spiritual insight of a single individual. That individual should be the central point of all our instruction. We are, sooner or later, to feel some humiliation if all our children do not know about this great character; for we are, I think, all becoming more and more surprised by the discovery that the great moral and spiritual generalizations which he formulated are neither to be outdone by philosophy nor superseded by science.

For this reason a series of simple questions — say, one hundred in number — covering the most important events laid down in the gospel narrative proper, in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, seems highly appropriate to introduce into our general exercises, ten or twenty of them being asked each Sunday, and answered by the school in unison. And one advantage gained is this, — where all answer them together, — those who pay little attention to them, or the very youngest children, learn them sooner or later by the sheer force of the vocal momentum of the school.

There is still another exercise which I must hasten to describe, which is very valuable because it appeals to both the ears and eyes of the children, and tends to inspire motives in the right direction. It was introduced into the Hopedale School by its former Superintendent, and we call it the "Character Monument." Some of you may already be familiar with it. It requires a year to build this monument. It is made up of blocks in the form of hollow squares, each fitting upon the one underneath it, and all together forming a sort of pyramid. Upon one side of each of these blocks is written the name of some element of character. And as, on the first Sunday of each month, a block is added, the school learn from the black-board a text, and a stanza applicable to, and illustrative of, the topic for which the block stands. Thus, you see, the first month they have to learn and recite in unison the text and stanza of the foundation block of the monument. The second month a new block is added, and the school repeats two texts and two stanzas, and so on until the tenth month when, beginning at the foundation, they build the entire monument of character, block by block. To illustrate. Let the foundation block stand for Reverence and Love, the second for Obedience, the third for Faithfulness, the fourth for Industry, and so on. At the end of the fourth month, looking at thus much of the monument, the school will be able to say, —

REVERENCE AND LOVE.

Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with *reverence* and godly fear.

Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

We build our characters day by day
With the deeds we do and the words we say;
With reverence and love for the good and true
Striving forever our duty to do.

OBEDIENCE.

We ought to obey God rather than man.

In life's great battle we are soldiers all,
Then let us hear our leader's earnest call;
In every deed and word and thought *obey*
His guiding voice and bravely take his way.

FAITHFULNESS.

He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.

Be faithful! every moment brings
To you some duty great or small;
Be faithful in the little things
And God will give you strength for all.

INDUSTRY.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

You see that at the end of ten months the school can build a monument of character worthy to be remembered and incapable of being forgotten, for it has been repeated so many times.

Many other exercises of this nature may well be introduced according to the needs and capacities of individual schools. It is the object of this paper to simply point out the direction, not to prescribe anything in particular.

In a general way it may be said in closing that since the "evangelical" or hortatory method is not emphasized, as in these exercises the children are all led on together, each voice being in itself an inspiration to other voices; since, too, there is sufficient rapidity in the conduct of these exercises to assure attention and the interest of united forces, in all of which the teachers take their part, the result cannot fail to be at least beneficial, if it is not all we could hope to accomplish.

And then, too, it in a measure tends to solve that vexed question of the relation of church and Sunday-school. No disagreeable doctrines are taught here, and no moment is allowed for idleness. There is no monotony in the exercises. Can the final result be other than to habituate the young mind to the pleasant place of worship, where it has been led to acquire some of its noblest thoughts and purposes? Will not the child naturally seek the house of the Lord, as a pleasant place where he may sing and pray and vivify his soul? And it may thus be said by him in his later years, —

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the name of the Lord; praise him, O ye servants of the Lord.

Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God,

Praise the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; *for it is pleasant.* (Ps. cxxxv. 1–3.)

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

THE two lecture-talks on Primary-Class Work, given by Miss Lucy Wheelock in the Channing Hall Course, were very interesting, suggestive, and practical. On Thursday afternoon, January 26, Rev. T. R. Slicer began a series of four lectures on "Early Christian History."

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S GUILD has lately been formed in the Third Religious Society (Unitarian) of Dorchester. The Manual of the Guild states as the objects of the Society: (1) To study religious truth; (2) To do religious work; (3) To cultivate the spirit of devotion.

IN the first number of the enlarged magazine, "The Unitarian," the Rev. John Cuckson, of Springfield, gives an interesting account of the Guild of the Good Shepherd connected with his church.

THE newly formed Sunday-school of the Unitarian Church of Seattle, Washington Territory, has a membership of thirty pupils, besides a large Bible class. The school has been thoroughly organized, and an excellent body of teachers has been in training for several weeks under the care of the acting pastor, Mr. S. A. Eliot of the Harvard Divinity School.

NEW schools have recently been started in Wichita and in Uniontown, Kansas. To both these schools, and to that at Seattle, the Sunday-School Society has donated manuals and other books to aid in the beginning of their work. All three schools promise well.

THE Belmont Sunday-school holds weekly teachers' meetings. At one of these meetings, recently, the pastor, Rev. Hilary Bygrave, was pleasantly surprised by the gift from the teachers of four valuable books. Mr. Bygrave is a faithful Sunday-school worker.

ON January 3, the young people's Liberal Religious Union of Salem, Mass., was addressed by Rev. E. E. Hale, D D., on the origin and development of Lend-a-Hand Clubs. Mr. Hale stated that there are now about twelve thousand societies working under the "Harry Wadsworth" mottoes.

THE Lend-a-Hand Club of the Unitarian Society in Brattleboro' gave, not long since, thirty-five dollars to furnish the kitchen of the Mission Home-School of the Crow Indians in Montana.

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